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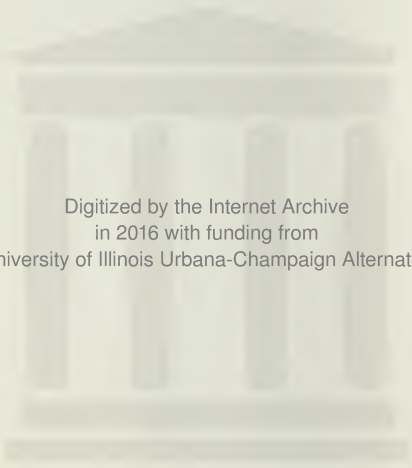
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C A R M E N

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Πᾶσα γυνή χόλος ἐστίν· ἔχει δ' ἀγαθὸς δύο ὥρας·
Τὴν μίαν ἐν θαλάμῳ, τὴν μίαν ἐν θανάτῳ.

PALLADAS.

I.

I HAVE always suspected geographers of not knowing what they were talking about when they place the battle-field of Munda in the country of the Bastuli-Pœni, near the modern Monda, some leagues to the north of Marbella. According to my own interpreta-

tion of the text of the anonymous author of *Bellum Hispaniense*, and after some information collected in the excellent library of the Duke of Osuena, I considered it necessary to seek in the environs of Montilla for the memorable spot where for the last time Cæsar played double or quits against the champions of the Republic. Finding myself in Andalusia about the beginning of the autumn of 1830, I made a rather lengthened excursion with a view to clear up the doubts which still remained in my mind on this question. A pamphlet which I shall shortly publish will, I trust, leave no uncertainty in the minds of all honest archæologists. Pending the time when my dissertation shall resolve once for all this geographical problem which keeps all scientific Europe in suspense, I wish to relate a little story, which will in no degree prejudice the interesting question of the site of Munda.

I had engaged a guide and two horses at Cordova, and set out with Cæsar's Commentaries and a few shirts as my only baggage. One day, while wandering in the elevated part of the plain of Cachena, tired out, dying of thirst, broiled by a vertical sun, I was just consigning Cæsar and the sons of Pompey to the devil, when I perceived at some distance from the path which I was following a little green space dotted with rushes and reeds. These announced the vicinity of a spring. In fact, as I approached I perceived that the seeming greensward was a marsh in which a streamlet, emerging, as it seemed, from a narrow gorge between two lofty buttresses of the Sierra di Calva, lost itself. I concluded that if I ascended a little farther I should find clearer and fresher water, and fewer leeches and frogs, with perhaps a little shade between the boulders. At the entrance of the gorge my horse neighed, and another horse, which I could not see, immediately replied.

I had scarcely advanced a hundred paces when the gorge suddenly opened out and displayed to my view a kind of natural amphitheatre, entirely shaded by the lofty cliffs which enclosed it. It was impossible to meet with any spot which promised a traveller a more agreeable resting-place. At the base of the perpendicular cliffs the stream rushed out and fell bubbling into a little basin lined with sand white as snow. Five or six beautiful and verdant oaks, always sheltered from the wind here, and watered by the stream, rose beside its source, and covered it with their leafy shade ; lastly, around the basin grew a rich fine grass which offered a better bed than one could find in any inn for ten leagues round.

But the honour of discovering this charming retreat did not rest with me. A man was already reposing there, and was no doubt asleep when I penetrated thither. Awakened by the neighing of the horses,

he arose and approached his steed, which had taken advantage of his master's sleeping to make a good meal of the luxuriant grass around him. His owner was a young fellow of medium height, but of robust build, and with a gloomy and proud look on his face. His complexion, which may have been good, had by exposure become even darker than his hair. In one hand he grasped the halter of his steed, in the other he held a brass blunderbuss. I must confess that at first the sight of the blunderbuss and the fierce aspect of the man surprised me ; but I no longer believed in brigands, having only heard of them, but never having met any of them. Besides, I had seen so many honest farmers armed to the teeth to proceed to market, that the mere sight of fire-arms was not sufficient evidence upon which to base the dishonesty of the unknown. And then I thought, what would he want with my shirts and my volume of Elzevir Commentaries ?

So I saluted the man of the blunderbuss with an easy bow, and inquired with a smile whether I had disturbed him from his siesta. Without answering, he measured me with his eyes from head to foot ; then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, he paid the same attention to my guide, who was approaching. I perceived the latter turn pale, and pull up with every symptom of terror. An unlucky meeting, I thought ; but prudence immediately counselled me not to display any uneasiness. I dismounted, told the guide to unbridle the horses, and kneeling down beside the spring, I plunged my head and hands into it ; then lying flat on the ground like the wicked soldiers of Gideon, I took a deep draught.

Nevertheless, I managed to keep an eye on the guide and the unknown. The former approached with manifest hesitation ; the latter did not appear to harbour any evil intentions against us, for he had released his

the district. He did not know the name of the charming valley in which we were resting. He could not name any village in the neighbourhood ; and at length, in reply to my question as to whether he had not noticed in the environs some ruined walls and carved stones, he confessed that he never paid any attention to such things. On the other hand, he showed himself a connoisseur in horseflesh. He criticised my steed—which was not difficult ; then he told me the pedigree of his own, which came from the famous Cordova stud : a noble animal indeed, and so insensible to fatigue that, as his master said, he had on one occasion made ninety miles in the day at speed. In the midst of this tirade the unknown suddenly checked himself, as if surprised and sorry that he had said so much.

“It was when I was in a great hurry to reach Cordova,” he continued with some embarrassment, “I had to prosecute a lawsuit.”

As he was speaking he looked at my guide Antonio, who lowered his eyes.

The shade and the spring charmed me so that I recollected some slices of an excellent ham which my friends in Montilla had put in my guide's haversack. I made him fetch them, and invited the stranger to join me in my impromptu picnic. If he had not smoked for a long while, it seemed to me that he must have fasted for forty-eight hours at least. He ate like a famished wolf. I thought my appearance had been quite providential for the poor devil. My guide, however, ate little, drank less, and spoke not at all, although at the beginning of our journey he had been a tremendous chatterer. The presence of our guest seemed to be a restraint upon him, and a kind of mutual distrust kept them apart ; the cause of this I could not determine.

The last morsels of bread and ham had been eaten ; we had each smoked a second

cigar ; I ordered the guide to bridle the horses, and I was about to take leave of my new acquaintance, when he asked me where I intended to pass the night.

Before I could attend to a sign from my guide, I had replied that I was making for the Venta del Cuervo.

"A bad lodging for such a person as you, sir. I am going thither, and if you will permit me to accompany you we will go together."

"Very willingly," I replied as I mounted my horse. My guide, who was holding the stirrup, made me another sign. I replied to it by shrugging my shoulders, as if to assure him that I was quite easy in my mind ; and then we started.

The mysterious signs of Antonio, his uneasiness, the few words that escaped the unknown, particularly the account of the thirty-league ride, and the by no means plausible explanation which he had offered, had already formed my opinion concerning

my travelling companion. I had no doubt whatever that I had to do with a *contrabandista*, perhaps with a brigand. What matter? I knew enough of the Spanish character to be certain that I had nothing to fear from a man who had eaten and smoked with me. His very presence was a protection against all untoward adventures. Moreover, I was rather glad to know what a brigand was like. One does not meet them every day, and there is a certain charm in finding oneself in company with a dangerous person, particularly when one finds him gentle and subdued.

I hoped to lead the unknown to confide in me by degrees, and notwithstanding the winks of my guide, I led the conversation to the bandits. Of course I spoke of them with all respect. There was at that time a famous bandit in Andalusia named José-Maria, whose exploits were in everyone's mouth. "Suppose I am in the company of José-Maria!" I said

to myself. I told all the anecdotes of this hero that I knew—all those in his praise, of course, and I loudly expressed my admiration of his bravery and generosity.

“José-Maria is only a scamp,” replied the stranger coldly.

“Is he doing himself justice, or is it only modesty on his part?” I asked myself; for, after considering my companion carefully, I began to apply to him the description of José-Maria which I had read posted up on the gates of many towns of Andalusia. Yes, it is he, certainly. Fair hair, blue eyes, large mouth, good teeth, small hands, a fine shirt, a velvet vest with silver buttons, gaiters of white skin, a bay horse. No doubt about it. But let us respect his *incognito*!

We arrived at the Venta. It was just what he had described it—that is to say, one of the most miserable inns that I had ever seen. One large room served for kitchen, parlour, and bedroom. A fire was burning on a flat

stone in the middle of the room, and the smoke went out through a hole in the roof, or rather it stopped there, and hung in a cloud some feet above the ground. Beside the wall, on the floor, were extended five or six horse-cloths, which were the beds for travellers. About twenty paces from the house—or rather from the single room which I have described—was a kind of shed, which did duty for a stable. In this delightful retreat there was for the time being no other individual besides an old woman and a little girl of ten or twelve years old, both as black as soot, and in rags.

“Here,” thought I, “are all that remain of the population of the ancient Munda Bætica. O Cæsar, O Sextus Pompey, how astonished you would be if you were to return to this mundane sphere !”

When she perceived my companion the old woman uttered an exclamation of surprise. “Ah ! Señor don José !” she cried.

Don José frowned and raised his hand with a gesture of command which made the old woman pause. I turned to my guide, and with a sign imperceptible to José made Antonio understand that I needed no information respecting the man with whom I had to pass the night. The supper was better than I had anticipated. They served up upon a small table about a foot high an old cock fricassied with rice and pimentos, then pimentos in oil, and lastly, *gaspacho*, a kind of pimento salad. Three such highly seasoned dishes obliged us often to have recourse to the flask of Montilla, which we found delicious.

Having supped, and perceiving a mandolin hanging against the wall—there are mandolins everywhere in Spain—I asked the little girl who waited on us if she knew how to play it.

“No,” she replied ; “but Don José plays it very well.”

“Will you be so good as to sing something?” I said to him. “I passionately love your national music.”

“I can refuse nothing to so polite a gentleman who gives me such excellent cigars,” replied Don José good-humouredly, and being handed the mandolin, he sang to his own accompaniment. His voice was harsh, but rather agreeable; the air was sad and wild; as for the words, I did not understand one of them.

“If I am not mistaken,” I said, “that is not a Spanish air which you have just sung. It strikes me as resembling the *zorricos* which I have heard in the ‘Provinces,’* and the words seem to be in the Basque tongue.”

“Yes,” replied José with a sombre air. He placed the mandolin on the ground, and sat contemplating the dying embers with a singularly sad expression. Illumined by the

* The privileged provinces enjoying special *fueros*—that is to say, Alava, Biscay, Guipuzcoa, and a portion of Navarre. Basque is the language of the district.

lamp placed on the little table, his face, at once noble and ferocious, recalled Milton's Satan. Like him, perhaps, my companion was thinking of a heaven he had quitted—of the exile to which his sin had condemned him. I endeavoured to engage him in conversation, but he did not reply, so absorbed was he in his sad reflections.

By this time the old woman had retired to rest in a corner of the room behind a primitive screen formed of a rug suspended from a cord. The little girl had followed her into this retreat reserved for the fair sex. Then my guide, rising, invited me to follow him to the stable, but at this José, as if waking up with a start, demanded in a rough tone whither he was going.

“To the stable,” replied the guide.

“What for? The horses have plenty to eat. Lie down here; the gentleman will permit it.”

“I am afraid the Señor's horse may be ill.

I want the Señor to see it ; perhaps he will know what to do."

It was evident that Antonio wished to speak to me in private, but I did not care to arouse Don José's suspicions, and under the circumstances it appeared to me that the best line to take would be to display the greatest confidence. So I informed Antonio that I knew nothing about horses, and that I was very sleepy. Don José followed the man to the stable, and soon returned alone. He told me that the horse had nothing the matter with him, but that the guide valued the steed so highly that he was rubbing him with his vest to make him perspire, and intended to continue this occupation during the night. However, I was soon extended beneath the rugs, carefully wrapped in my cloak so as to avoid contact with them. After begging pardon for the liberty which he was taking in lying close to me, Don José lay down before the door, first having

renewed the priming of his blunderbuss, which he took care to place beneath the haversack which served him for a pillow. Five minutes after we had wished each other good-night we were both buried in profound slumber.

I had believed that I was sufficiently tired to sleep in such a place as that, but after an hour a very disagreeable itching aroused me from my first nap. As soon as I understood the nature of the disturbing cause I rose, firmly convinced that it would be better to pass the night in the open air than under such an inhospitable roof. I gained the door on tiptoe, and stepping over Don José who was sleeping the sleep of the just, I managed to quit the house without arousing him. Near the door was a large wooden bench, on this I lay down and settled myself for the night as well as I could. I was about to shut my eyes for the second time, when I fancied I perceived the shadows of a

man and a horse passing in front of me and not making the slightest noise. I jumped up, and thought I recognised Antonio. Surprised to see him out of the stable at such an hour I advanced to meet him. He stopped when he perceived me approaching.

“Where is he?” asked Antonio in a low voice.

“In the venta ; he is asleep, he has no fear of fleas. Why have you brought the horse out ?”

Then I remarked that Antonio—so as not to make any noise in quitting the shed, had carefully enveloped the horse’s feet in the fragments of an old cloth.

“Speak lower, in the name of God,” he said. “You do not know who that man is. He is José Navarro, the most famous bandit in Andalusia. I have been making signs to you all day which you would not understand.”

“Bandit or not, what does it matter to me?” I replied. “He has not robbed us, and I will wager that he has no intention to do so.”

“All very well, but there is a price of two hundred ducats on his head. I know where there is a detachment of lancers about a league and a half distant; and before day-break I will bring some stout fellows here. I would have taken his horse, but he is so vicious that no one save Navarro can go near him.”

“What the devil are you about?” I said. “What harm has the poor man done to you that you should betray him? Besides, are you certain that he *is* the brigand you say he is?”

“Perfectly certain. Just now he followed me into the stable and said, ‘You seem to know me. If you tell this good gentleman who I am, I will wring your neck!’ Remain with him, sir, you have nothing to fear.

So long as you are there he will have no suspicions."

While we were speaking we had got some distance from the venta, and no one in it would hear the sound of the horse's hoofs. In the twinkling of an eye Antonio took off the wrappings and prepared to mount. I endeavoured to detain him by prayers, and even by threats.

"I am a poor devil, sir," he replied, "and I cannot afford to lose two hundred ducats ; particularly when I can also rid the country of such vermin as is yonder. But take care ! If Navarro wakes he will rush for his blunderbuss, so mind yourself. I have gone too far to retreat. You can suit yourself."

The scoundrel was already in the saddle. He spurred his horse, and was soon hidden from my view in the darkness.

I was very much annoyed with my guide, and not a little uneasy. After a moment's

reflection I made up my mind what course to pursue, and re-entered the venta. Don José was still asleep, repairing, no doubt, the fatigues and watches of many days preceding. I was obliged to shake him roughly before I could arouse him. Never shall I forget his fierce look and the action with which he sought to grasp his blunderbuss which I had removed as a matter of precaution.

"Sir," said I, "I ask your pardon for disturbing you, but I have a simple question to ask. Would you be pleased to see half a dozen lancers come here?"

He leaped to his feet, and in a terrible tone, said, "Who has told you that?"

"No matter whence comes the advice so that it is good."

"Your guide has betrayed me, but he shall answer for it. Where is he?"

"I do not know. In the stable I think—but some one has told me——"

"Who told you? The old woman, perhaps?"

“Some one whom I do not know. Without more words, have you—yes or no—any reasons which render it advisable for you to avoid the soldiers? If you have, do not lose time—if not, then good-night; and I beg your pardon for awakening you.”

“Ah, your guide—your guide! I suspected him at first; but his account will be settled! Adieu, sir; God reward you for the service I owe you. I am not so bad as you believe me to be; yes, there is still in me something which deserves the sympathy of a brave man. Adieu, sir, I have only one regret, and that is my inability to pay my debt to you.”

“For the service which I render you, Don José, promise me to suspect no one—do not think of vengeance. Hold—here are some cigars for you. *Bon voyage!*”—and I extended my hand to him.

He shook mine without replying; seized his blunderbuss and his sack, and after

saying a few words to the old woman in a slang I did not understand, he hurried to the shed. A few minutes afterwards I heard him gallop away into the open country.

As for me, I retired to my bench but I could not sleep. I interrogated myself as to whether I had any right to save a robber—perhaps a murderer—from the gallows, and that only because I had eaten with him some ham and rice. Had I not betrayed my guide, who was upholding the laws? had I not exposed myself to the revenge of a villain? But the duties of hospitality? “A prejudice of savagery,” I said to myself; “I shall have to be responsible for all the crimes that the bandit hereafter may commit.” However, *is* it a prejudice—this instinct of conscience which defies all reasoning? Perhaps in the delicate situation in which I was placed, I might be able to escape without remorse? I was balanced in the greatest uncertainty respecting the morality of my

action when I saw half a dozen horse-soldiers returning with Antonio, who kept prudently in the rear. I met them half-way, and informed them that the bandit had escaped two hours previously. The old woman, when questioned by the corporal, replied that she knew Navarro, but that, living alone, she did not dare to risk her life by denouncing him. She added that he was always in the habit of departing in the middle of the night when he came to her house. As for me, I was compelled to proceed a distance of some leagues to show my passport, and sign a declaration before the alcalde, after which I was permitted to resume my archæological researches. Antonio nursed a grudge against me—for he suspected that it was I who had prevented him from gaining the reward of two hundred ducats. Nevertheless we parted good friends at Cordova, where I presented him with a gratuity as large as the condition of my finances permitted me to give.

II.

I SPENT some days in Cordova. Some MS. in the Dominican library had been indicated to me and in this I expected to find some interesting information concerning the ancient Munda. Being very well received by the good monks I passed the days in their monastery; and in the evenings I walked about the town. At Cordova at sunset there are

always a number of idlers about the quay which borders the right bank of the Guadalquivir. There one breathes the odours of a tannery which still preserves the old reputation of the country for the preparation of leather ; but on the other hand one enjoys a sight which is well worth seeing. Some minutes before the Angelus is rung a number of women assemble on the bank of the river at the end of the quay, which is raised considerably. Not a man dares to mingle with this troop. Immediately the Angelus sounds night is supposed to have set in. At the last stroke of the bell all the women undress and plunge into the water. Then arise cries, laughter, and an infernal din. From the top of the quay the men contemplate the bathers, staring at them with open eyes, but seeing little. Nevertheless these white and undefined forms, which are perceptible in the deep azure waters of the river, cause poetic mindsto conceive, and with a little imagination

it is not difficult to represent to oneself Diana and her nymphs in the bath, without fear of sharing the fate of Actæon. I was informed that on one occasion some scapegraces, by bribing the bell-ringer of the cathedral, induced him to ring the Angelus twenty minutes in advance of the usual hour. Although it was broad daylight, the nymphs of the Guadalquiver did not hesitate, and trusting more to the Angelus than the sun, they made innocence their bathing-dress—which is always of the simplest fashion. I was not there. In my time the bell-ringer was incorruptible, the twilight not very clear, and only a cat would have been able to distinguish the oldest orange-seller from the prettiest *grisette* in Cordova.

One evening at the hour when there is nothing to be seen, I was smoking, leaning upon the parapet of the quay, when a woman ascended the steps which led down to the river, and seated herself close to me.

She had in her hair a large bunch of jessamine, which emitted a strong perfume. She was simply, perhaps poorly, clad, in black, as most of the girls are in the evening. The fashionable ladies only wear black in the morning, in the evening they dress *à la Francesca*. As she approached me the bather let fall on her shoulders the mantilla with which she had covered her head, and in the starlight I could perceive that she was pretty, young, well made, and that she had very large eyes. I quickly threw away my cigar. She at once appreciated this attention—a politeness entirely French—and hastened to inform me that she liked the smell of tobacco-smoke very much, and that even she herself smoked when she could get very mild cigarettes. Fortunately I had some such in my case, and hastened to offer them to her. She condescended to take one, and lighted it at the burning end of a cork which a child brought us for a halfpenny.

Smoking together we conversed so long—the pretty bather and I—that we found ourselves alone upon the quay. I did not consider that there was anything indiscreet in suggesting that we should go and have some ices at a *neveria*.* After some modest hesitation she consented, but before deciding she wished to know what time it was. I made my repeater strike the hour, and this astonished her very much. “What inventions they have in your country! What countryman are you? English, no doubt.”†

“A Frenchman, and your humble servant, mademoiselle, or madame. You are probably of Cordova?”

No.”

“You are at least Andalusian? I fancy I can detect so much in your soft accent.”

* A café furnished with an ice-house, or rather with a depot of snow. In Spain there is scarcely a village without its *neveria*.

† In Spain every traveller who does not carry samples of cottons or silks passes for an Englishman—*Inglosito*. It is the same in the East. At Chalcis I have had the honour of being announced as a *Μιλόρδος Φραντζέσος*.

“If you remark people’s accents so closely you ought to be able to divine who I am.”

“I believe you are of the Holy Land—a few steps from Paradise.”

I had learnt this metaphor, which refers to Andalusia, from my friend Francisco Sevilla, the well-known *picador*.

“Bah!—Paradise! People here say it is not for such as we.”

“Then you must be Moorish, or—” I stopped, not liking to say “a Jewess.”

“Go along! go along! You see quite well that I am a gipsy. Do you wish me to tell you *la baji* (good-fortune)? Have you ever heard of *La Carmencita*? I am she!”

I was such an infidel at that time—it is fifteen years ago, remember!—that I did not recoil with horror at finding myself in company with a sorceress. “All right,” I said to myself. “Last week I supped with a bandit—a highway robber; to-day I am eating ices with a handmaiden of the devil! When

travelling it is as well to see everything !” I had besides another reason for cultivating her acquaintance. When I quitted the University I confess to my shame that I had lost some time in studying the occult sciences, and many times I had attempted to summon up the spirits of darkness. Although long before cured of my passion for such researches, I nevertheless still retained a certain curiosity regarding all superstitions, and it was a treat to me to ascertain to what pitch the arts of magic had attained amongst the gipsies.

As we chatted we had entered the *neveria*, and seated ourselves at a small table lighted by a wax candle placed within a glass shade. I had then plenty of opportunity to observe the *gitana*, while respectable people eating their ices were astounded to see me in such society.

I very much doubt whether Mademoiselle Carmen was of the true blood—at any rate, she was the prettiest of all the women of her

race whom I ever met. To be beautiful, a woman, say the Spaniards, must unite in herself thirty points ; or, if you please, you may define her by ten adjectives, each applicable to three parts of her person. For instance, she should have three black points—the eyes, the eyelids, and the eyebrows ; three delicate, fine—the fingers, the lips, and the hair, &c. See Brantôme for the others. My Bohemian could not pretend to the necessary perfection. Her skin, though quite smooth, approached somewhat to the coppery tinge. Her eyes were obliquely set, but large and full ; her lips rather thick, but well cut, and permitted the teeth—white as blanched almonds—to be seen. Her hair was perhaps a trifle coarse, but had a blue sheen running through it, like that one sees in a raven's wings, and was long and luxuriant. Not to weary you with a detailed description, I will merely say that with each fault she united a good point, which came out perhaps more by

virtue of the contrast. She was of a strange and savage beauty—a face which at first surprised you, but it was one you could never forget. Her eyes especially had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, which I have never since noticed in any human eyes. “Eye of gipsy, eye of wolf” is a Spanish saying which denotes quick observation. If you have not time to go to the Zoological Gardens to study the expression of the wolf’s eyes, look at your cat when he is watching a sparrow !

One felt that it would be ridiculous to have one’s fortune told in a *café*, so I begged the pretty sorceress to permit me to accompany her home. She agreed without difficulty, but again she was anxious to know how time sped, and begged me to strike my repeater once more.

“Is it *really* gold ?” she asked, as she gazed at the watch attentively.

When we resumed our way it was dark

night, the majority of the shops were shut, and the streets were almost deserted. We passed the bridge over the Guadalquiver, and at the end of the suburb we reached a house with nothing of the palatial about it. A child opened the door to us. The gipsy said something to her in a language unknown to me, which I have since discovered was the Romany, or *chepé-calli*, the idiom of the *gitanos*. The child immediately disappeared, leaving us in a room of considerable dimensions, furnished with a small table, two stools, and a chest. I must not forget a jar of water, a pile of oranges, and a hank of onions.

As soon as we were alone the gipsy took from the chest a pack of cards, which appeared to have seen much service, a loadstone, a dried chameleon, and some other objects necessary for the practice of her art. Then she bade me cross my left hand with a piece of silver, and the magic ceremonies began. It is useless to repeat her predictions, but by

her manner of operating it was evident that she was a practised sorceress.

Unfortunately it was not long ere we were disturbed. The door was suddenly and violently thrown open ; a man wrapped up to the eyes in a brown cloak entered the room, and apostrophised the gipsy in a by no means gentle fashion. I did not understand what he was saying, but the tone of his voice indicated that he was in a very bad temper. The *gitana* exhibited neither surprise nor anger at his appearance, but she hastened to meet him, and with extraordinary volubility addressed some words to him in the mysterious language which she had already made use of in my presence. The word *payllo*, frequently repeated, was the only one I understood. I was aware that by this term the gipsies designate any stranger. Supposing that it referred to me, I anticipated a rather delicate explanation ; already I had grasped one of the legs of the stool, and was com-

muning with myself as to the precise moment when I should hurl it at the head of the intruder, when the latter, pushing the girl rudely aside, advanced towards me, and then recoiling, exclaimed—

“Ah, sir, it is *you* then !”

I looked at him in my turn, and recognised my acquaintance Don José. At that moment a feeling of regret that I had not let him be hanged came over me.

“Ah, it is you, my brave fellow !” I exclaimed, laughing with as little bitterness as I could manage. “You have interrupted mademoiselle and me at the very moment when she was revealing to me some very interesting things.”

“Always the same—this shall finish it !” he muttered between his teeth, and darting a furious look at her.

The gipsy nevertheless continued to address him in her language. She got more excited by degrees. Her eyes flashed, became

suffused with blood, and terrible in their aspect ; her features contracted ; she stamped her foot ; it seemed to me that she was inciting him to do something which he had some hesitation in doing. What it was I understood only too well when I saw her pass and repass her little hand rapidly across her neck. I was constrained to believe that it was a question of cutting somebody's throat, and I had some suspicion that this throat was my own !

To all this torrent of eloquence Don José only replied sharply in a few words. Then the gipsy darted at him a glance of profound contempt, and seating herself *à la turque* in a corner of the room, she selected an orange from the heap, peeled it, and began to eat it.

Don José took me by the arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We proceeded about two hundred paces in silence. Then extending his hand he said, "Keep straight on and you will come to the bridge!"

He immediately turned his back upon me, and hurried away. I reached my inn feeling somewhat sheepish and in bad temper. The worst of it was that when I undressed, I perceived my watch was missing !

Several considerations prevented me from seeking to recover it in the morning, or to solicit the aid of the law in seeking it. I finished my work on the manuscript in the convent, and started for Seville. After several months' wandering in Andalusia I returned to Madrid, and I was obliged to pass Cordova. I had no intention of making a long stay there, for I had taken a dislike to this fine city and its bathers. However, there were some friends to be visited, some commissions to be executed, which would detain me in the ancient capital of the Mussulman princes for three or four days.

As soon as I made my appearance at the convent of the Dominicans one of the fathers, who had always displayed the keenest interest

in my researches concerning the site of Munda, welcomed me with open arms.

“God be praised,” he said. “Welcome indeed, my dear friend. We believed you dead, and I myself have said *paters* and *aves*—which I do not regret—for the repose of your soul! So you have not been assassinated; we knew you had been robbed!”

“How so?” I inquired in surprise.

“Well, you remember you used to strike that beautiful watch of yours when we wanted to know the time in the library. It has been found, and will be returned to you——”

“That is to say,” interrupted I, somewhat put out of countenance, “supposing I have lost it.”

“The scoundrel is in custody,” continued the friar; “and as we knew he was the kind of fellow to shoot a man in order to take a *piécette*, we were all terribly afraid he had killed you. I will go with you to the

corrégidor, and we will recover your beautiful watch. And then don't say that justice is not done in Spain ! ”

“ I confess,” I replied, “ that I would rather lose my watch than be instrumental in hanging a poor devil, particularly because —because— ”

“ Oh, do not be in the least alarmed ; he is well certified to, and they cannot hang him twice. When I say hang him, I mean garotte him. This robber of yours is a *hidalgo*, and so he will be garotted the day after to-morrow without fail.* You perceive that a robbery more or less can make no difference in his case. I would to Heaven it were only robbery, but he has committed many murders, each one more horrible than that which preceded it.”

“ What is his name ? ”

* In 1830 the nobility still enjoyed this privilege. In the present day, under constitutional government, the common criminals have gained the right to be garotted.

“He is known in this country as José Navarro, but he has another Basque name which neither you nor I shall ever succeed in pronouncing. He is a man to see, and you who love to study the curious characteristics of the country ought not to neglect the opportunity of learning how in Spain these scoundrels are sent out of the world. He is in the chapel, and Fra Martinez will conduct you thither.”

My friend the Dominican insisted so strongly upon my seeing the apparatus for the *petit pendement pien choli*, that I was unable to resist him. I went to see the prisoner, furnished with a bundle of cigars, which I trusted would atone for my intrusion.

They admitted me to see Don José just as he was finishing a meal. He bowed coldly to me and thanked me politely for the cigars which I had brought him. After counting them he selected a few and returned the

remainder, observing that he should not want any more than those he then had!

I inquired whether by money or some little influence I could not in some measure ameliorate his condition. At first he shrugged his shoulders, smiling sadly; but after a while changing his mind he begged that I would cause a mass to be said for his soul.

"Would you," he added, timidly, "would you have another said for a woman who injured you?"

"Assuredly," I replied, "but I do not think that any woman has injured me in this country."

He took my hand and shook it gravely. After a momentary silence, he resumed—

"Dare I venture to ask you a favour? When you return to your own land perhaps you will pass through Navarre, at least you will pass by Vittoria, which is not very far from it."

"Yes," I replied, "I shall certainly pass

by Vittoria, but it is not unlikely that I shall turn aside to Pampeluna and on your account I will willingly make the *détour*."

"Well, if you go to Pampeluna you will find more than one object of interest to detain you. It is a beautiful city. I will give you this medal (he showed me a silver medal which he wore round his neck), you will wrap it in paper—" he paused for an instant to master his emotion—"and you will send it or cause it to be sent to a good woman, whose address I will give you. You will say that I am dead, but do not tell her in what manner I died."

I promised to carry out his wishes. I saw him again on the following morning, and I passed a portion of the day with him. It was from his own lips that I learned the sad story which follows:—

D

III.

I WAS born, said he, at Elizondo, in the valley of Batzan. My name is Don José Lizarabengoa, and you know Spain well enough, sir, to understand that I am of the Basque country, and of ancient Christian lineage. If I take the title of Don it is because I have a right to it, and if I were at Elizondo I would show you my

genealogy on parchment. I was destined for the Church, and compelled to study for it; but I did not profit by it. I was too fond of playing tennis and that was the ruin of me. When we Navarros play tennis we forget all else. One day when I had won a match a youth of Alava picked a quarrel with me. We fought with *maquilas*,* and still I had the advantage, but I was obliged to fly the country. I fell in with some dragoons and enlisted in the Almanza regiment of cavalry. People from our parts soon pick up the trade of a soldier. I quickly became a corporal, and was in a fair way to become quarter-master when to my misfortune I was put on guard at the tobacco manufactory of Seville. If you have ever been to Seville you have noticed that great building outside the ramparts near the Guadalquiver. It seems as if I can still see the door and the guard-house beside it.

* Iron-shod sticks.

When they are off duty the Spaniards play cards or sleep, but I, a free Navarro, was always accustomed to employ myself. I made a chain of brass wire to sustain my priming-needle. One day my comrades exclaimed, "The clock is striking, the girls are going to work!" You know there are about four hundred or five hundred women employed in the cigar-making. They roll the cigars in the large room into which no man is permitted to enter without permission from the municipal magistrate, because the girls work in undress, the young ones particularly, when the weather is warm. When the young women return to work after dinner, many young fellows go to see them pass, and they are some of all sorts. There are few of these ladies who would refuse a silk mantilla, and the inexperienced ones at this fishing have only to stoop to catch a fish. While the other men were looking on I remained on my bench near the door. I

was young then and home-sick, and did not believe that there were anywhere pretty girls without the blue skirts, and the plaits of hair falling over their shoulders.* Besides, these Andalusians frightened me ; I had not yet grown accustomed to their manners. They were always full of raillery, never serious or speaking a sensible word. I was working away at my chain when I heard some townspeople say, "Look at the *gitanella* !" I looked up and saw her. It was on a Friday, and I shall never forget it. I saw that Carmen, whom you know of, at whose house I found you some months ago.

She wore a red skirt, very short, which exposed to view her white silk stockings, with many a hole in them, and tiny shoes of morocco leather, tied with scarlet ribbons. She had thrown back her mantilla so as to

* The ordinary costume of the peasant girls of Navarre and the Basque provinces.

display her shoulders, and an immense bunch of acacia blossom, which was stuck in her chemise. She also carried a flower in her mouth, and she walked with a movement of a thoroughbred filly from the Cordova stud. In my country a woman in such a costume would have made people cross themselves. At Seville every one paid some gay compliment to the girl on her appearance. She replied to them all, looking sideways as she went along, with her hand on her hip, as bold as the true gipsy she was. At first she did not take my fancy, and I continued my occupation, but she—after the nature of women and cats, which will not come when they are called and which come when they are not called—stopped in front of me and said, in the Andalusian form—

“Gossip, will you give me your chain to hang the key of my strong-box on?”

“It is to hang my priming-needle on,” I replied.

“Your priming-needle! Ah, the señor makes lace, then; he requires needles.”

Every one began to laugh at me. I felt myself growing red, and could make no reply.

“Well, my hearty,” she continued, “make me seven ells of black lace for a mantilla, thou primer of my soul.”

Then, taking the flower from between her lips, she flipped it at me with a movement of her thumb, and struck me between the eyes. Sir, I felt as if I had received a bullet in the forehead. I did not know what to do with myself; I stood as stiff as a board. When she had entered the factory I perceived the flower, which had fallen at my feet. I do not know what possessed me, but I picked it up when my comrades were not looking, and put it carefully in my vest. That was the first act of folly.

Two or three hours after, while I was still thinking of the incident, a porter arrived at

the guard-house, out of breath and greatly discomposed. He told us that a woman had been assassinated in the great room of the factory, and that it was necessary to have the guard in. The sergeant ordered me to take two men and go and see what was the matter. I took the men and went up. Picture to yourself, sir, the sight that met my view when I entered—about three hundred women *en chemise*, or with as little as possible on them—screaming, crying, gesticulating, and making such a row that you couldn't have heard thunder. At one side a female was sprawling on the floor drenched in blood, with a cross—an X—cut on her face with a knife. Opposite the wounded woman, who was being tended by the best of the females, I perceived Carmen, restrained by five or six of her associates. The wounded woman kept crying out that she was dying and wanted a priest. Carmen said nothing; she clenched her teeth, and rolled her eyes like a chameleon.

“What is all this about?” I inquired. I had considerable difficulty in ascertaining what had passed, for all the women talked at once.

It would appear that the injured woman had boasted of having sufficient money in her pocket to buy a donkey at the market of Triona.

“Shut up!” exclaimed Carmen, who had a tongue of her own, “why you haven’t enough to purchase a brush.”

The other, stung by the reproach, perhaps because she felt there were some suspicions concerning the article, replied that she did not know anything about brushes, not having the honour to be a gipsy or a daughter of Satan, but that Mademoiselle Carmencita would soon make the donkey’s acquaintance when the *corrégidor* led it out for a walk with two lacqueys behind to beat the flies off.

“Well, then, for my part,” replied Carmen, “I will make places for the flies to settle on

your cheeks, for I will make a draught-board of them.”*

On that, criss-cross, she began, with the knife she used for cutting the cigars, to slash a St. Andrew’s cross on the woman’s face.

The case was perfectly clear. I seized Carmen by the arm.

“Sister,” I said politely, “you must come with me.”

She darted a look of recognition at me, but she said resignedly—

“Let us go then. Where is my mantilla?”

She put it over her head in such a fashion as only to permit her fine eyes to be seen, and followed my two men as quiet as a lamb. When we reached the guard-house the quarter-master said the case was a serious one, and that he must send the culprit to prison. I was told off to conduct her. I

* *Pinter un janeque*—to paint or chequer. The Spanish draught-boards are, for the most part, in red and white squares.

placed her between two dragoons, and I marched behind as a corporal should do. We started for the city. At first the gipsy maintained a strict silence, but in Serpent Street—you know it, it well deserves its name with all its windings—in Serpent Street she began her manœuvres by letting her mantilla fall upon her shoulders so as to enable me to see her winning face, and, turning towards me as far as she could, she said—

“My officer, whither are you taking me?”

“To prison, my poor child,” I replied, as gently as I could—just as a true soldier ought to talk to his prisoner, particularly when the prisoner is a woman.

“Alas ! what will become of me ! Señor officer, have pity on me ! You are so young, so kind.” Then, in a lower tone, she continued, “Let me escape. I will give you a piece of *bar lachi*, which will make you beloved by all the women.”

(The *bar lachi*, sir, is a loadstone, with which the gipsies say one may work charms when one knows how to make use of it. Give a woman a pinch of it, grated, in a glass of water, and she will not be able to resist you.)

I replied, as seriously as I could—

“We are not here to talk nonsense, we must proceed to the prison ; such is the order, and there is no help for it.”

We Basque people have a dialect which the Spaniards can readily recognise, but there is scarcely one of them who can even say *vai jaoni* (yes, sir). Carmen, then, had no difficulty in discovering that I came from the Provinces. You know, sir, that the gipsies, having no definite country of their own, are always wandering hither and thither, speaking all languages, and the majority of them are as much at home in Portugal as in France, or in the Provinces, or Catalonia ; even amongst the Moors and

the English they can make themselves understood. Carmen, then, knew the Basque dialect pretty well.

“*Laguna ene bihotsarena*, friend of my soul,” she said suddenly. “Are you from the country?”

(Our language, sir, is so beautiful that when we hear it spoken in a strange place it thrills us. I wish I had a confessor from the Provinces, he muttered. Then, after a pause, he resumed :—)

“I am from Elizondo,” I replied in Basque, very much moved at hearing my native tongue.

“And I am from Etchalar,” she said. (That is a district some four hours’ journey from us.) I was brought to Seville by the gipsies. I have been working in the factory so as to make money sufficient to take me back to Navarre again to my dear mother, whose only support I am, and the little *barretcea* (garden), with its twenty cider

apple-trees. Ah, if I were only there again, near the white mountains ! They have insulted me because I do not belong to this country of pick-pockets, merchants of rotten oranges ; and these low women are all against me because I declared that all their ‘jacks’ of Seville, with their knives, would not frighten one fellow from our part of the country, with only his blue *beret* and his *maquilla*.”

She was lying, sir ; she has always lied. Indeed I doubt whether in all her life that girl ever spoke a word of truth. But when she spoke I believed her. She was stronger than I. She talked broken Basque, and I believed she came from Navarre. Her eyes, mouth and complexion stamped her a gipsy. I was befooled—mad—and no longer paid attention to anything. I thought that if the two Spaniards with me had said anything in disparagement of the country I would have slashed them

across the face just as she had treated her comrade. In fact I was like a man intoxicated. I began to talk nonsense, and was ready to commit any folly.

"If I were to give you a push, countryman, and you were to fall down, I should have only those two Castilian conscripts to detain me," she said.

Faith, I quite forget my orders, and I replied: "Well, my friend, my countrywoman, try it; and may Our Lady of the Mountain aid you." At that moment we were passing by one of those narrow alleys of which there are so many in Seville. Suddenly Carmen turned round and gave me a blow with her clenched hand on the chest. I fell head over heels purposely. With one bound she jumped over me and ran away, exhibiting a pair of legs such as—well: They talk of "Basque legs"—hers outshone them all. They were as quick as they were well turned! I got up imme-

diately, but I managed to get my lance bar-wise across the alley, so my companions were prevented from starting in pursuit for a while. Then I set off running myself and my men after me, but there was no chance of our overtaking her, accoutred as we were with our spurs, our sabres, and lances ! In less time than I take to tell you the incident, the prisoner had disappeared. Besides, all the gossips of the quarter assisted her flight and laughed at us, putting us also on the wrong scent. After much marching and counter-marching it became necessary for us to return to the guard-house without the receipt from the governor of the prison !

My men, to escape punishment, said that Carmen and I had conversed in the Basque dialect, and that it did not seem quite natural, to tell the truth, that a blow from such a little girl would knock over a man of my weight. All this looked very sus-

picious for me—rather too clear, in fact. When I went down stairs again I was degraded and sent to prison for a month. This was my first punishment since I had enlisted. Farewell then to the stripes of quarter-master which I had already made sure of.

My first days in prison passed very sadly. When I became a soldier I had pictured to myself that I should at least reach the grade of officer. Longa, Mina, my compatriots, are even “captains-general ;” Chapalangarra, who is a negro and a refugee like Mina in your country, Chapalangarra was a colonel, and I have played tennis twenty times with his brother, who was a poor devil, like myself. Then, I said to myself, “All that time you served without punishment is now so much time lost. You have a black mark against you ; to re-instate yourself in the opinion of your superiors you will have to work ten times harder than when you were a con-

script. And for what have I been punished? For a chit of a gipsy who laughs at me, and who at this moment is at large in some corner of the town." Nevertheless I could not help thinking of her. Will you believe it, sir, those stockings full of holes, which she so liberally displayed when she made her escape, were always before my eyes. I looked out between the bars of my prison window, and amongst all the women who passed in the street I did not see one who was worth that little devil. And then, in spite of myself, I would clasp the flower which she had thrown at me, and which, dried though it was, still preserved its perfume. If there are witches this girl was one of them.

One day the gaoler entered and gave me a loaf of Alcala bread.*

* Alcala de los Panaderos: a small town two leagues from Seville, where delicious bread is made. It is said that the water of Alcala is the cause of this excellence, and a quantity of it is carried to Seville every day.

“Look here,” he said, “see what your cousin has sent you.”

I took the bread—very much surprised—for I had no cousin in Seville. It is a mistake perhaps, I thought, as I looked at the loaf, but it was so appetising—it felt so fresh and good, that without troubling myself to find out whence it had come, or for whom it was intended, I determined to eat it. As I was cutting it my knife struck against something hard. I looked carefully and found a small English file, which had been slipped into the oven before the bread was baked. There was also in the loaf a piece of gold (two piastres). There was no longer room for doubt. The present came from Carmen. Liberty is everything with people of her race, and they would set fire to a town to avoid a day in prison. Besides the girl was shrewd, and with that loaf had befooled the gaolers. In an hour the thickest bar could be cut with the little file, and with the assistance of the

two piastre piece I could exchange my uniform for a civilian dress at the next clothes-shop. You can imagine that a man who had many times gone birds-nesting for young eaglets over our cliffs would not be much put out to descend into the street from a window less than thirty feet from the ground. But I did not want to escape. I still preserved my honour as a soldier, and desertion seemed to me a great crime. But I was touched by this token of remembrance. When one is in prison one loves to think that one has a friend outside who is interested in one. The gold piece rather offended me. I would have liked very much to have sent it back, but where could I find my creditor? That did not appear a very easy task.

After having been degraded I did not think I had anything more to suffer, but there was a humiliation in store for me. That was when, on my release from prison, I was sent to duty and put on sentry, like a

common soldier. You can scarcely imagine what a sensitive man feels on such an occasion as this. I believe I would rather have been shot. Then, at least, one marches alone in front of the platoon ; one feels of importance, every one is looking at you.

I was posted as sentry at the door of the colonel's house. He was a young man, rich, a "good fellow," who lived to amuse himself. All the young officers came thither and many citizens, women, and actresses—so it was said. For my own part, I felt as if every one in the city had agreed to meet there to stare at me. The colonel's carriage arrived, with his valet on the box. Whom did I see descend from it ? *La Gitanilla* ! She was decked out "as fine as fivepence," dressed up and bedizened, all gold and ribbons. A spangled dress, blue spangled shoes ; flowers and trimmings all over her. She had a Basque tambourine in her hand. With her were two other gipsy women, one young and the other old.

There is always an old woman to lead them. Then an old man with a guitar, also a gipsy, to play and make them dance. You know that people often amuse themselves by inviting gipsies to their parties and making them dance the *romalis*, their characteristic dance ; and often for other purposes.

Carmen recognised me, and we exchanged glances. I don't know why, but at that moment I wished myself a hundred feet underground.

"*Agur laguna* (good day, comrade). My officer, you are mounting guard like a raw recruit."

And ere I could find words to reply, she had entered the house.

All the guests were assembled in the *patio*, and, notwithstanding the crowd, I could see almost all that was passing through the railings.* I could hear the castanets, the

* The majority of the houses in Seville have an interior court surrounded by porticoes. People live there in summer. This court is covered with an awning which

tambourine, the laughter and applause ; sometimes I could perceive *her* head when she sprang up with her tambourine. Then I heard the officers address to her remarks which made the blood mount to my face, but what she said in reply I do not know. On that day, I think, I began to love her in earnest, for three or four times came into my head the notion to rush into the *patio* and stab those coxcombs who were flirting with her. My purgatory lasted a good hour ; then the gipsies came out, and the carriage rolled up to fetch them. Carmen, in passing, looked at me with those eyes of hers—you know them—and said to me, in a low voice—

“Countryman, when one likes good fritters one goes to Triana, to Lillas Pastia’s.”

Lightly as a kid she sprang into the carriage, the coachman whipped his mules, and

is watered by day and removed at night. The street-door is almost always open, and the passage leading to the court, *zaguan*, is closed by an iron grating very elegantly worked.

the joyous band drove off; I knew not whither.

You will guess that when I came off duty I went to Triana; but first I got shaved and brushed up, as if for a parade. She was at Lillas Pastia's. He was an old fruit-seller, a gipsy, as swarthy as a Moor, at whose establishment many of the townspeople came to eat fried fish, more particularly, I believe, since Carmen had taken up her quarters there.

"Lillas," she said, when she caught sight of me, "I will do nothing more to-day. To-morrow it will be day again.* Come along, *pays*; let us have a stroll together."

She threw her mantilla over her face, and we were in the street before I knew where I was going.

"Señorita," I said, "I believe I have to thank you for a present that you sent me when I was in prison. I have eaten the

* "*Mánana sera otro día*"—Spanish proverb.

bread ; the file served to sharpen my lance-point, and I keep it in remembrance of you ; but the money, here it is."

"Why, he has kept the money !" she exclaimed, with a burst of laughter. "Well, so much the better, for at present I am not well in funds. But what matter ? A wandering dog will not die of hunger.* Come along, let us eat it all ; you shall treat me."

We had taken the road to Seville. At the entrance of Serpent Street she purchased a dozen oranges, which she made me carry in my pocket-handkerchief. A little farther on she purchased some bread, sausage, and a bottle of Manzanilla. At length she entered a confectioner's shop. There she threw upon the counter the piece of gold which I had returned to her and another which she had in her own pocket, with some silver. At last she asked me for all I had too. I had

* *Chuquel sos pirela cocal terela.* "A wandering dog finds a bone."—Bohemian proverb.

only some small change, which I handed to her, feeling very much ashamed that I had no more. I believe she would have carried off all the stock if she could. She chose the best and the dearest articles—*yemas* (yokes of eggs, sugared), *turm* (a kind of nougat), crystallized fruits—so long as the money lasted. I had to carry all these in paper bags. Perhaps you know Candilejo Street, where is a head of Don Pedro the Justiciary.*

* King Pedro, whom we call the Cruel, and whom Queen Isabella the Catholic called the "Guardian of Justice," was fond of walking about the streets of Seville, seeking adventure, as the Caliph Haroun al Raschid used to do. One evening he got into a dispute in a narrow street with a man who was serenading. A duel ensued, and the king killed the amorous cavalier. Hearing the clashing of the swords, an old woman looked out of a window holding a small lamp (*candilejo*) in her hand. It should be stated that the king Don Pedro, although lusty and strong, was afflicted with a curious malformation. When he walked his knee-pans "cracked" loudly. The old woman had therefore no difficulty in recognising the king. Next day the magistrate in charge came to make his report to the sovereign: "Sire, a duel was fought last night in such a street—one of the combatants was slain." "Have you discovered the murderer?" "Yes, sire." "Why has he not been punished?" "Sire, I await your orders." "Let the law take its course!"

It ought to have "given me pause." We halted before an old house in this street. She entered the walk and rapped at the ground-floor. A gipsy, a true servant of Satan, opened the door to us. Carmen said something to her in Romany. The old woman grumbled at first, but to appease her Carmen gave her two oranges and a handful of *bonbons*; she also permitted her to taste the wine. Then she put her cloak on her, and led her to the door, which she secured with a bar of wood. As soon as we were alone Carmen began to dance as if she were pos-

Now the king had promulgated a decree that all duellists should be beheaded. The magistrate entered into the business like a man of spirit. He caused the head of a statue of the king to be sawn off and exposed it in a niche in the midst of the street in which the duel had been fought. The king and all the citizens considered this a very happy thought. The street was named after the lamp held by the old woman, the sole witness of the encounter. This is the popular version. Junga relates the adventure somewhat differently (see the *Annals of Seville*, vol. ii., p. 136). However this may be, Candilejo Street still exists in Seville, and in that street there is a bust in stone which they say is a likeness of Don Pedro. Unfortunately this bust is modern. The old one was very much worn away, and in the seventeenth century it was replaced by that now in existence.

sessed, singing "You are my *rom* and I am your *romi*." *

I was standing in the middle of the room burthened with all the packages, not knowing where to put them. She threw them all upon the floor and clasping me round the neck, exclaimed "I pay my debts; I pay my debts—it is the law of the Cales." †

Ah sir—that day! that day! when I recall it I forget *to-morrow*!

(The brigand was silent for a while, then after he had relighted his cigar he continued :—)

We remained together the whole of the day, eating, drinking, and—and all the rest of it. — When she had devoured the sweets, like a child of six years old, she thrust her hands into the old woman's water-jar. "Now to make a *sorbet*," she said. She broke the *yemas* by dashing them against the wall—

* *Rom*—husband; *Romi*—wife.

† Dark people—a name the gipsies give themselves.

“so that the flies may leave us in peace,” she remarked. There was no trick or folly that she did not perpetrate. I expressed a wish to see her dance, but where could we find castanets? She without hesitation took the old woman’s only plate, smashed it in pieces, and then she danced the *romalis*, clattering the pieces of the plate as if they had been castanets of ebony or ivory. One would never feel bored with a girl like her—I can answer for that! Evening closed in, and I could hear the drums beating the “retreat.”

“I must return to barracks,” I said, “for roll-call.”

“To barracks!” she echoed in a contemptuous tone. “So you are a negro-slave and permit yourself to be driven with the whip! You are a regular canary in appearance and disposition.* Go along with you! You have a chicken’s heart!”

I stayed, resigned in advance to the police-

* The Spanish dragoons wear yellow uniforms.

cell. In the morning it was *she* who first spoke of our separation.

“Listen to me, Joseita,” she said, “I have paid you—haven’t I? According to our law I owed you nothing, since you are a *payllo*; but you are a good fellow, and you have pleased me. We are quits! Good-day.”

I asked when I should see her again.

“When you are a little less stupid,” she replied, laughing. Then in a more serious tone she continued, “Do you know, my friend, that I believe I love you a little bit? But that cannot last. Dog and wolf cannot keep house together long. Perhaps if you were to subscribe to the Egyptian law I should love to be your *romi*. But this is all nonsense—that cannot be. Bah! my lad, take my word for it, you have had the best of the bargain. You have foregathered with the devil; yes—with the devil! He is not always black, and he has not twisted your neck. I am dressed in wool, but I am not

a sheep.* Go and put a taper before your *majari*.† She has well deserved it. Come; good-bye once again. Think no more of Carmencita or she may make you marry a widow with wooden legs.”‡

As she ceased speaking she unfastened the bar which closed the door; and once in the street she wrapped herself in her mantilla, and showed me her heels.

She had said what was true. I would have been wise to have thought no more about her, but after that day in Candilejo Street I could not think of anything else. I walked about all day long in the hope of meeting her again. I inquired about her from the old woman and from the seller of fried fish. Both declared she had gone to Laloro,§ as they call Portugal. Probably it

* “*Medicas viardà de jorpoy bus ne sino braco*”—Gipsy proverb.

† The Virgin Mary.

‡ The gallows—widow of the last man hanged.

§ The red land.

was in accordance with Carmen's instructions that they said so, but it was not long before I discovered that they were lying. Some weeks after my long day in Candilejo Street I was put on sentry at one of the city gates. Some little distance from this gate a breach had been made in the wall whereat people used to walk during the day, and where a sentry was posted at night to guard against smugglers. During the day I perceived Lillas Pastia lingering around the guard-house chatting with my comrades, all of whom were acquainted with him, his fish, and his fritters which were better still. He approached me and inquired whether I had had any news of Carmen.

"No," I replied.

"Well then, you soon will, comrade."

He was right. At night I was posted at the breach in the wall. As soon as the corporal had disappeared I perceived a woman approaching my post. My heart told me it

was Carmen ; nevertheless I said, "Be off, you cannot pass here !"

"Come, don't be obstreperous," she replied, as she made herself known to me.

"What ! are *you* there, Carmen ?"

"Yes, I, countryman ; let us have a little conversation together. Do you want to earn a duoro ? Some people with packs are coming this way—let them pass."

"No," I replied, "I must oppose their passage. Such are my orders."

"Orders, orders ! You did not think of them in Candilejo Street."

"Ah !" I replied, quite upset by the very remembrance, "that was worth the danger of forgetting my duty : but I do not want any money from smugglers."

"Let me see, then. If you do not want any money from smugglers what do you say to going to dine at old Dorothea's house again ?"

"No," I replied, half-suffocated by the effort I was making, "I cannot."

“Very well ; if you are so hard to move I know to whom to apply. I will make your officer the offer to go to Dorothea’s house. He seems to be a good fellow, and he will put on guard a lad who will not see more than is necessary. Good-bye, canary. I shall laugh when the order is issued for your hanging !”

I was weak enough to call her back, and I promised to permit all the gipsies to pass, if it must be so, provided I obtained the recompense I wished for. She swore to meet me on the following day, and ran off to apprise her friends, who were close by. There were five of them, one being Pastia, and all heavily laden with English goods. Carmen kept watch. She agreed to give the alarm with her castanets whenever she should perceive the rounds, but she had no need to do so. The smugglers very quickly accomplished their business.

Next day I went to Candilejo Street.

Carmen was waiting for me, but in a by no means good humour.

“I do not care for people who require to be begged of,” she said. “You rendered me a great service the first time without any idea that you would gain anything by it. To-day you are bartering with me. I do not know why I have come, for I don’t care for you any longer. So go away ; there is a duoro for your trouble !”

I was within an ace of throwing the money at her head, and was obliged to exercise a violent control over myself to avoid striking her. After we had argued for an hour I went away in a furious rage. I wandered for a long time about the city, hither and thither, like a man demented. At length I entered a church, and seating myself in the darkest corner I could find I gave way to tears. Suddenly I heard a voice say—

“A dragoon’s tears ! I should like to make a philtre of them !”

I looked up. There was Carmen standing before me !

“Well, countryman, are you still wishing for me ? I really think I must love you still, for since you left me I have not known what to do with myself. There now, you see I am the suppliant, and want you to come to Candilejo Street.”

We made it up then ; but Carmen’s humour was as variable as our climate. The storm is most likely to break when the sun is shining most brilliantly. She had promised to meet me once again at Dorothea’s house and she did not come, and Dorothea told me, in the calmest manner, that Carmen had gone to Laloro “on Egyptian affairs !”

Guided by experience, I sought for Carmen in every place where I fancied she might be found, and I passed up and down Candilejo Street twenty times a day. One evening I was at Dorothea’s house, for I had almost tamed the old woman by means of

repeated glasses of *anissette*, when Carmen entered, followed by a young man, a lieutenant in my regiment.

“Get away at once,” she said to me in the Basque tongue. I remained stupefied, rage boiling in my heart.

“What is that fellow doing here?” said the lieutenant. “Be off; get out of this!”

I could not move. I felt as if I had quite lost the use of my limbs. The officer seeing that I did not budge, and that I had not even removed my cap, took me by the collar and shook me violently. I do not know what I said. He drew his sword and I drew mine. The old woman seized my arm, and the lieutenant gave me a cut in the forehead, the scar of which remains to this day. I stepped back and with a shove sent old Dorothea sprawling on the floor. Then, as the lieutenant followed me up, I gave him my point, and he spitted himself on my sword. Then Carmen extinguished the

lamp and bade Dorothea to fly. As for myself, I rushed into the street and ran I knew not whither. It seemed to me that some one was following me. When I came to myself I found Carmen beside me. She had not left me.

"You great stupid canary," she said, "you are only good at committing follies. You see I was right when I told you I would only bring trouble upon you. Well, there is a remedy for every ill when one has a 'Fleming of Rome' * for his friend. You must begin by tying this handkerchief over your head, and giving me your sword belt. Wait for me in this alley, I will be back again in two minutes."

She disappeared and quickly returned, carrying a striped cloak for me; how she obtained it I can't tell. She made me doff

* *Flameneo de Roma*—a slang term for gipsies. *Roma* in this sense does not refer to the Eternal City, but to the Romi (or married people), as the Bohemians call them. The first seen in Spain came probably from the Netherlands—hence the name Fleming.

my uniform, and put the cloak on over my shirt. Thus accoutred, with the handkerchief bound over the cut on my head, I had something the appearance of a peasant of Valencia, of whom many come to Seville to sell their *chufas*—orangeade. Then she took me to a house, which bore a striking resemblance to Dorothea's, at the end of a narrow court. She and another gipsy woman washed me, doctored me better than the surgeon-major would have done, and gave me something—I know not what—to drink. At length they laid me on a mattress, and I fell fast asleep.

The women probably had put some soporific in my drink, for I did not awake until very late next day. I had a fearful headache, and was rather feverish. It was some time before I could recall the incidents of the terrible drama in which I had taken part on the previous day.

After having dressed my wound, Carmen

and her friend both crouched down beside my mattress, and exchanged a few words in *chipe calli*, which seemed to be a medical consultation. They both assured me that I would be cured before long ; but, meanwhile, it was absolutely necessary to leave Seville, and as quickly as possible, for if I were arrested I would be shot, to a certainty.

“My lad,” said Carmen, “you must do something ; now that the king will give you neither rice nor salt cod,* you must find some means of existence. You are too stupid to rob *a pastesas* ;† but you are lithe and strong. If you have courage enough, go to the coast and be a contrabandist. Have I not promised to get you hanged ? That is better than being shot. Besides, if you know how to look after yourself, you may live like a prince so long as the *minons*‡ and the coast-guard do not catch you.”

* The ordinary rations of a Spanish soldier.

† *Ustilar á pastesas*, to rob skilfully, without violence.

‡ A species of free-corps.

It was in this pleasing way that that devil of a girl indicated to me the new career for which she destined me—and to tell the truth, it was the only one which lay open to me, now that I had rendered myself liable to the punishment of death. Need I confess to you, sir, that she brought me to the decision without much trouble! It seemed to me that we should be thrown into closer contact by this existence so full of risks, and so unlawful. Thenceforth, I believed myself sure of her affection. I had often heard of the contrabandists who traversed Andalusia well-mounted, blunderbuss in hand, and with their mistresses seated behind them. I already pictured myself trotting over hills and vales with this handsome gipsy behind me. When I mentioned this to her, she laughed until she was obliged to hold her sides, and told me there was nothing so pleasant as a night passed in the camp when each *rom* retired with his *romi* beneath the shelter of the

little tent formed of three hoops with a blanket thrown over them.

"If I keep with you in the mountains, I shall always be sure of you," I said. "There there will be no lieutenants to share with me."

"Ah, you are jealous," she replied ; "so much the worse for you. How can you be such a fool ! Don't you see that I love you, since I have never asked you for any money ?"

When she talked in this fashion I felt inclined to strangle her.

To cut the story short, sir, Carmen procured me a civilian dress, in which I escaped from Seville unrecognised. I proceeded to Jerez with a letter from Pastia to a seller of *anisette*, at whose house the smugglers used to assemble. I was presented to these gentry, whose chief, named Dancaire, received me into the company. We proceeded to Gaucin, where I again found Carmen, who had appointed to meet me

there. In the expedition, she acted as a spy for us, and no one could have been a better one. She had returned from Gibraltar, and had arranged with the captain of a vessel concerning the disembarkation of the English merchandise which we expected to arrive at the coast. We went to await its arrival near Estepona; then we hid a portion of it in the mountains, and laden with the remainder proceeded to Ronda, whither Carmen had preceded us. Then she once more gave us the hint when to enter the town. This first expedition and some others, were fortunate. The life of a smuggler pleased me more than that of a soldier. I made Carmen presents. I had money and a mistress. I suffered scarcely any remorse, for as the gipsies say—an itching of pleasure is no itch at all.* We were well received everywhere; my associates treated me well, and even evinced some consideration for me. This was

* *Sarapia sat pesquital ne punzava.*

because I had killed a man, and amongst them there was no one who had not a similar exploit to boast of. But what influenced me more than all else in my new life was the frequent presence of Carmen. She displayed more friendship for me than formerly—nevertheless, before her comrades she did not pretend that she was my mistress, and had even made me swear with all kinds of oaths not to say a word to them on the subject. I was so utterly weak before this creature that I obeyed all her caprices. Besides, this was the first occasion on which she displayed any of the reserve of an “honest woman,” and I was foolish enough to believe that she had abandoned all her former practices.

Our troop, which was composed of eight or ten men only, assembled together in important junctures, but were usually scattered in pairs or threes in the towns and villages. Each one of us assumed a calling or trade ; one

was a tinker, another a horse dealer. I was a pedlar ; but I very seldom showed myself in large towns, because of that little affair in Seville. One day, or rather one night, our rendezvous was below Vega. Dancaire and I found ourselves there before the others. He seemed in excellent spirits.

“We shall soon have another comrade,” he said. “Carmen has executed one of her best moves. She has managed the escape of her *rom* from the *presidio* at Tarifa.”

I was just beginning to understand the gipsy dialect, which nearly all my associates made use of, and the word *rom* gave me a chill.

“What, her husband ! Is she married ?” I asked.

“Yes,” replied the captain, “to Garcia, the one-eyed, a gipsy as ‘deep’ as she is. The poor fellow was in penal servitude. Carmen got round the surgeon so cleverly that she obtained her *rom*’s liberty. Ah ! that

girl is worth her weight in gold. It is two years since she first began to plan his escape. Nothing had succeeded until the officer was changed. With the latter it seems she quickly found the means to make herself understood.

You can imagine with what pleasure I listened to this news. I soon met Garcia the one-eyed ; he was one of the most repulsive villains whom Bohemia ever reared, a dark skin and a still blacker soul. He was the most unmitigated ruffian that ever I met in my life. Carmen came with him, and when she called him her *rom* in my presence you should have seen the "eyes" she made to me, and the grimaces at him when his back was turned. I was very angry, and would not speak to her all the evening. In the morning we had made up our bales and were already on our way when we perceived that a dozen horsemen were after us. The Andalusian boasters, who always talk in the most bloodthirsty manner, showed a very

firm front. There was a general stampede. Dancaire, Garcia, a fine young fellow from Edja, called Remendado, and Carmen did not lose their presence of mind. The others abandoned the mules and threw themselves into the ravines, where the dragoons could not follow them. We could not save our mules and we hastened to loose the most valuable portion of our booty and to take it on our shoulders. We then endeavoured to escape over the rocks, and by the steepest and roughest slopes. We cast our bales before us, and followed them as well as we could, sliding down on our heels. All this time the enemy was firing at us. It was the first time that I had heard the whistling of bullets, and it did not make me feel quite at ease. When one has a wife in prospect there is no merit in risking death. We all escaped except poor Remendado, who got a bullet in his loins. I threw away my pack and endeavoured to assist him.

"Fool!" exclaimed Garcia, "what have we to do with that carrion? Pick up your load, and don't lose the cotton stockings."

"Let him go," said Carmen to me.

Fatigue obliged me to lay the lad for a moment beneath the shelter of a rock. Garcia advanced and discharged his blunderbuss at his head.

"He will be a clever fellow who will recognise him now," he remarked, as he gazed at the features which a dozen bullets had shattered.

Such, sir, was the delightful kind of life I had embraced. In the evening we found ourselves in a thicket, and worn out with fatigue, having nothing to eat, and ruined by the loss of our mules. What did that infernal Garcia do? He took a pack of cards from his pocket and began to play with Dancaire by the light of the fire which had been kindled. Meanwhile I lay down and was watching the stars, thinking of Remendado

and wishing I were in his place. Carmen was crouched near me, and from time to time she rattled her castanets and hummed a tune. Then, approaching me, as if with the intention of whispering to me, she kissed me, almost against my will, two or three times.

“You are the devil,” I said to her.

“Yes,” she answered.

After some hours’ rest she departed for Gaucin, and next morning a little goatherd brought us some bread. We remained all day in the same place, and at night we moved towards Gaucin. We waited for news of Carmen : none came. At daybreak we perceived a muleteer who was guiding a well-dressed woman holding a parasol, and accompanied by a little girl, who seemed to be her servant. Garcia said to us—

“There are two mules and two women which St. Nicholas has sent us. I would rather have had four mules. Never mind. This is my business ”

He seized his blunderbuss and descended towards the path ; hiding in the brushwood. Dancaire and I followed him at a little distance. When we were within range, we showed ourselves, and called to the muleteer to halt. The woman instead of being frightened—and our dress was sufficient for that—burst out laughing.

“Ah, the *lillipendi*, they take me for an *erani*!”* It was Carmen, but so well disguised, that I would not have recognised her, had she spoken in any other language.

She sprang from the mule and spoke for a while in a low tone with Garcia and Dancaire. Then she said to me :

“Canary, we shall meet again before you are hanged. I am going to Gibraltar on ‘affairs of Egypt.’ You will soon hear me talked about.”

We parted after she had indicated to us a place where we could find shelter for

* Ah, the fools ! do they take me for a lady ?

some days. This girl was the saving of our troop. We soon received some money which she sent, and a hint, which was worth more to us, namely, that two British noblemen were about to proceed from Gibraltar to Granada by such a route. A word to the wise ! They had plenty of money. Garcia wanted to kill them, but Dancaire and I were opposed to such a measure. We would relieve them of their money, their watches, and their shirts, of which last articles we had great need.

Sir, one may become a rogue without thinking about it. A pretty girl causes you to lose your head ; you fight for her : a misfortune happens, it becomes necessary to dwell amid the mountains, and from a smuggler you become a robber before you are aware of the change. We concluded that it would not be well for us to remain in the environs of Gibraltar after that little business with the Englishmen, and we

concealed ourselves in the Sierra de Ronda. You have mentioned Jose-Maria ; well, it was there that I made his acquaintance. He brought his mistress with him on these expeditions. She was a pretty girl, well-behaved and modest, with good manners, never uttering an unbecoming word, and of a devotedness—! By way of compensation, he treated her very badly. He was always running after other girls, he “bullied” her, then sometimes he took it into his head to be jealous. Once he struck her with his knife. Well, she only loved him the more for that. That is the way women, particularly Andalusians, are constituted ! She was quite proud of the scar on her arm, and exhibited it as one of the most beautiful things in the world. And then Jose-Maria was the very worst comrade you could possibly meet. On one expedition which we undertook he managed so well, that all the profit fell to him, and all the

blows fell on us. But I must resume my story. As we heard nothing more of Carmen, Dancaire said :

“One of us must proceed to Gibraltar to get news of her ; she ought to have prepared something. I would go willingly, but I am too well known there.”

The one-eyed fellow said :

“So am I. I have played too many tricks upon the lobsters,* and as I have only one eye, it is not easy to escape detection.”

“Then I must go,” I said in my turn, delighted at the very idea of seeing Carmen again. “Let us see ; what must be done ?”

The others replied :

“You can go to St. Roque whichever way you please, and when you have got to Gibraltar, ask where a person, named Rollona, a seller of chocolate, lives ; when you have

* A term applied to the English, because of the colour of their uniforms.

found her out, you will find out what has happened yonder."

It was arranged that we three should start for the Sierra de Gaucin, that I should leave my companions there, and proceed to Gibraltar as a fruit merchant. At Ronda one of our fraternity procured me a passport, at Gaucin I was given a donkey ; I loaded him with oranges and melons, and went on my way. When I reached Gibraltar I found that Rollona was well known, but that she had either died or had been sent to the galleys, and in my opinion her absence explained how our means of correspondence with Carmen had failed. I put my donkey up in a stable, and with my oranges wandered about the town as if to sell them ; but, in fact, to endeavour to find some face I knew. There are plenty of vagrants in "Gib," people from all parts of the globe, and it is like the Tower of Babel, for one cannot go ten paces along a street without hearing

as many different languages. I met many gipsies, but I scarcely dared to trust them. I recognised them and they recognised me. We ascertained that we were of the same class. After two days spent in useless search, I had learned nothing concerning either Rollona or Carmen, and I was considering whether I should not return to my comrades after making some purchases, when as I was walking down a street at sunset, I heard a woman's voice from a window say, "Here, you orange-seller!" I looked up, and on a balcony I perceived Carmen, leaning over the rail beside an officer in scarlet, with gold epaulets, curled hair, and the appearance generally of a grandee. As for her, she was dressed splendidly: a shawl over her shoulders, a gold comb in her hair, attired in silk, and as cunning as ever—just the same, laughing immoderately. The Englishman, in barbarous Spanish, hailed me, and bade me come up, as madame wanted some

oranges ; and Carmen said to me in Basque, "Come up, and be astonished at nothing." Nothing could astonish me where she was concerned. I cannot tell whether I was the more glad or disappointed to see her again. A tall, powdered servant let me in, and ushered me into a splendid apartment. Carmen at once addressed me in Basque.

"Mind, you do not understand a word of Spanish, and you do not know me."

Then, turning to the Englishman, she said, "I told you all along he was a Basque—you will hear a curious dialect. What a silly look he has, hasn't he? You would take him for a cat surprised in the larder!"

"And you," I replied in my own tongue, "have the air of a brazen-faced quean, and I am greatly disposed to gash your face before your lover."

"My lover!" she exclaimed. "So you have found out that all by yourself. And you are jealous of that fool? Why you are

a greater simpleton than you were before our evenings in Candilejo Street. Don't you see—fool that you are—that I am engaged upon affairs of Egypt, and in the most brilliant fashion? This house is mine; the lobster's guineas will be mine. I shall lead him by the nose, and bring him whence he shall never escape."

"And as for me," I replied, "if you conduct the affairs of Egypt any more in this manner, I will do something which will effectually prevent your beginning again."

"Ah, indeed! Are you my *rom* that you give me orders? The One-Eyed is satisfied. What have you seen here? Ought not you to be content to be the only one who can call himself my *minchorro*?"*

"What does he say," asked the Englishman.

"He says that he is thirsty, and could manage a good drink," replied Carmen. Then

* Lover—or rather, "fancy-man."

she fell back upon a sofa, screaming with laughter at the translation.

Sir, when that girl laughed there was no use in trying to talk sense. Every one laughed with her. The great Englishman laughed also, like the idiot he was, and bade his people bring me something to drink.

While I was drinking, Carmen said—

“Do you see that ring on his finger? If you like, I will give it to you.”

But I answered—

“I would give a finger to have my lord on the mountain, each of us with a *maquila* in our hands.”

“*Maquila?* What does he mean?” asked the Englishman.

“*Maquila!*” replied Carmen, still laughing. “*Maquila* is an orange. Is it not a queer term for an orange? He says he would like to make you eat an orange.”

“Yes?” replied the Englishman. “Very well, bring more *maquilas* to-morrow.”

As we were conversing, the servant announced dinner. Then the Englishman offered his arm to Carmen—as if she could not go in by herself, and threw me a pistole. Carmen, laughing all the time, said to me—

“My lad, I cannot invite you to dinner ; but to-morrow, as soon as you hear the drums beating for parade, come here with your oranges. You will find a room better furnished than that in Candilejo Street, and you will see that I am always your Carmencita ; and then we can chat over Egyptian affairs.”

I made no reply, and I was in the street when the Englishman called out, “Bring the *maquilas* to-morrow.” Then I heard Carmen’s laughter once more.

I went away, not knowing whither or what I was doing. I scarcely slept and the morning found me so incensed against the traitress that I resolved to quit Gibraltar without seeing her again. But at the first

roll of the drums all my fortitude deserted me. I took my straw basket of oranges and hurried to Carmen. Her jealousy was aroused, and I saw her great eyes watching me. The powdered servant let me in. Carmen sent him on an errand, and as soon as we were alone she burst into one of her peals of crocodile laughter and threw herself on my neck. I had never seen her so lovely. Dressed like a bride, perfumed, surrounded with costly furniture and silken hangings—Ah ! and I like the robber that I was !

“*Minchorro*,” said Carmen, “I have a great mind to smash everything here, to set fire to the house and be off to the Sierra !”

Then her caresses, and her laughter ! She danced and tore her dress ; never did ape perform more gambols, make more grimaces, or play more tricks. When she had regained her composure she said—

“Listen ; it is a question of Egypt. I want him to take me to Ronda, where I have

a sister—a nun. (More laughter.) We will pass by a place which I will tell you of. You can fall upon him and rob him. The better way will be to murder him ; but,” she added, with a diabolical smile which she displayed at certain times, and no one would ever be inclined to imitate it—“do you know what you must do ? Let the One-Eyed appear first. Keep a little in the rear yourself. The Lobster is brave and skilful ; he has good pistols. Do you understand ?”

She interrupted herself with another peal of laughter, which made me shiver.

“No,” I replied, “I detest Garcia, but he is my comrade. One day perhaps I will relieve you of him, but we will settle our accounts after the fashion of our country. I am only an Egyptian by chance, and in certain ways I shall always remain a pure *Navarro*, as the proverb says” (*Navarro fino*).

She replied, “You are a fool—an idiot—a regular *payllo*. You are like the dwarf who

believed himself big because he could spit a long distance.* You do not love me—Go along with you!”

When she said “Go along!” I could not go. I promised to leave, to return with my comrades and lie in wait for the Englishman. On her side she promised to be indisposed until the time came for leaving Gibraltar for Ronda. I remained two days longer at Gibraltar. She had the audacity to come in disguise to see me at my inn. I quitted the town, for I also had my own project. I returned to our rendezvous, knowing the place and the hour at which the Englishman and Carmen would pass by. I found Dancaire and Garcia awaiting me. We passed the night in a wood by a fire of pine-cones, which burned splendidly. I proposed to Garcia to have a game of cards. He agreed. At the second game I declared he was

* “*Or esorjie de or narsichisle sin chismar lachinguel*”
—Gipsy proverb.

cheating. He laughed. I threw the cards in his face. He went for his blunderbuss, but I put my foot upon it and said—

“They tell me you can brandish a knife with any Jack of Malaga. Will you try a bout with me?”

Dancaire wanted to separate us. I had given Garcia a few blows with my fist. Rage had made him courageous. He had drawn his knife and I mine. We told Dancaire to stand aside and see fair play. He saw that it was no use attempting to stop us and he stood back. Garcia was already crouching like a cat about to spring upon a mouse. He held his hat in his left hand, as a guard, his knife advanced in his right. That is the Andalusian method. I stood like the Navarros, right in front of him, the left arm raised, the left leg advanced, the knife held down by the right thigh. I felt stronger than a giant. He threw himself upon me like a flash, I turned on my left

foot and he found nothing before him, but I caught him in the throat and the knife entered so far that my hand came chock under his chin. I drew back the blade so forcibly that it broke. All was over ! The blade was expelled from the wound in a rush of blood as big as my arm. He fell on his face like a log.

“What have you done ?” said Dancaire.

“Listen,” I said. “We could not have lived together. I love Carmen and I want to be the only one ! Besides Garcia was a brute, and I remember how he served poor Remendado. We are only two now, but we are good fellows. Look here ; will you have me for a comrade—for life or death ?”

Dancaire held out his hand. He was a man fifty years old.

“To the devil with your love affairs,” he exclaimed. “If you had asked for Carmen he would have sold her to you for a piastre. We are only two now—what shall we do to-morrow ?”

“Let me manage it,” I replied. “Now I can snap my fingers at the whole world !”

We buried Garcia and pitched our camp two hundred paces farther on. Next day Carmen and her Englishman passed with two muleteers and a servant. I said to Dancaire—

“I will account for the Englishman. You can frighten the others ; they are not armed.”

The Englishman was a brave fellow. If Carmen had not jogged his arm he would have shot me. To be brief, I re-conquered Carmen that day, and my first words were to tell her that she was a widow. When she understood how it had come to pass, she said—

“You will always be a *lillipendi*. Garcia ought to have killed you. Your Navarre guard is all nonsense, and he has conquered better men than you. His time had come no doubt ! Yours will come too !”

“And yours,” I replied, “if you are not a true *romi* to me !”

“Well and good !” she replied. “I have seen in the coffee-grounds many a time that our destinies lie together. But he who sows reaps !” And she rattled her castanets as she was in the habit of doing when she wished to get rid of any unpleasant thoughts.

One is apt to forget others when speaking of oneself ; all these details bore you no doubt, but I shall soon finish now. The life we lead will last long enough ! Dancaire and I associated ourselves with some comrades more trustworthy than the former ; we practised smuggling, and sometimes it must be confessed we stopped people on the highways, but only as a last resource and when we had no other means of livelihood. Besides we never ill-treated travellers and we confined ourselves strictly to taking their money.

For many months I was happy with Carmen ; she continued to be useful to us in our operations and gave us notice of the

good things we could "bring off." She stayed sometimes at Malaga, sometimes at Cordova, sometimes at Granada; but at a word from me she would leave any place and come to meet me in an isolated inn, or even in the camp. Once only, it was at Malaga, did she give me any uneasiness. I knew that she had thrown a glamour over a very rich merchant, with whom probably she proposed to repeat the little arrangement carried out at Gibraltar. Notwithstanding all Dancaire could say to me I went after her and got to Malaga in full daylight. I looked for Carmen, and brought her away immediately. We had some sharp words.

"Do you know," she said, "that since you have really become my *rom*, I care less for you than when you were my *fancy man*. I don't want to be worried and ordered about; what I wish is to be free and to do as I please. Take care—do not push me too

far. If you trouble me too much I will find some fellow who will serve you as you served Garcia."

Dancaire reconciled us, but we said things to each other which rankled in our hearts and we were not on such good terms as formerly. A short time afterwards evil befel us. The troops surprised us. Dancaire was killed with two others of our band, two more were made prisoners. I was badly wounded, and without the aid of my trusty steed would have been left in the hands of the soldiers. Worn out by fatigue, with a bullet in my body, I hid myself with only one companion in the forest. I fainted when I dismounted, and I thought I was going to die like a wounded hare in the brushwood. My comrade carried me to a grotto which we knew and then went to seek Carmen. She was at Granada and she came back at once. For fifteen days she never quitted me for a moment. She did not close her

eyes ; she nursed me with a skill and attention which no woman ever before displayed for a man she loved best. As soon as I could stand up again she carried me off to Granada in secrecy. The gipsies everywhere found us safe lodging and I passed more than six weeks in a house two doors from the official who was searching for me. More than once from behind a shutter I saw him pass by. At length my health was restored, but I had thought a great deal while on my bed of sickness and I made up my mind to amend my life. I spoke to Carmen about leaving Spain and endeavouring to live honestly in America. She laughed at me.

“We are not fitted for cabbage growing,” she replied ; “our destiny is to live at the expense of the *payllos*. Look here, I have just arranged a little business with Nathan-ben-Joseph, of Gibraltar. He has a cargo of cotton stuffs which only want your assistance in passing through. He knows you

are alive still. He reckons upon you. What shall we say to our correspondents in Gibraltar if you break your word to them?"

I permitted myself to be persuaded and resumed my villainous career.

While I was in hiding at Granada there was a bull-fight there to which Carmen went. When she came back she spoke of a very adroit *picador* named Lucas. She knew the name of his horse and how much his embroidered vest had cost. Inanito, the comrade who had remained with me, said some days afterwards that he had seen Carmen and Lucas at the house of a tradesman of Zacatin. That alarmed me. I asked Carmen how and why she had made the acquaintance of the *picador*.

"He is a man," she said, "with whom we can do some business. The river that makes a noise has either water or pebbles.* He

* *Len sos sonsi abela, Pani o rebiendani terela.* Gipsy proverb.

has won 1,200 reals at the bull-ring. One of two things must happen—we must have this money—or, as he is a good rider and a brave fellow, we must enrol him in our band. So-and-so are dead ; you must replace them. Take him with you.”

“I don’t want either his money or himself,” I replied, “and I forbid you to speak to him.”

“Take care,” she replied. “When people defy me to do a thing it is very soon done.”

Fortunately the *picador* left for Malaga, and I set about smuggling in the Jew’s cottons. I had a great deal to do in this expedition, and so had Carmen. I forgot Lucas ; perhaps she also forgot him, for the time at any rate. It was about that time, sir, that I met with you first, near Montilla, then afterwards at Cordova. I will not say anything about our last interview. You perhaps know more about it than I. Carmen robbed you of your watch ; she also

wanted your money, and particularly the ring you wear on your finger, which she said is a magic ring, which she was very anxious to possess. We had a violent quarrel ; I struck her. She turned pale and cried. This was the first time I had ever seen her weep, and her tears had a great effect upon me. I begged her pardon, but she sulked all day ; and when I departed for Montilla she did not want to kiss me. I was heavy-hearted when, three days afterwards, she came to see me, as gay as a lark. All was forgotten, and we passed two days in lover-like fashion. As we were again about to part she said—

“There is a *festa* at Cordova ; I am going to see it. Then I shall find out who has money, and will tell you.”

I let her go. When alone I thought of the *festa*, and this change of humour in Carmen. She must have revenged herself already, I thought, since she had yielded first. A peasant told me that there was a bull-fight

in Cordova. How my blood boiled, and, like a fool, I went there. He pointed out Lucas to me, and, in a seat near the barrier, I recognised Carmen. I had only to look at her for a moment to be fully assured of the fact I had suspected. Lucas played the bull "with a light heart," as I had anticipated. He snatched the cockade from the animal and carried it to Carmen, who placed it in her hair immediately. The bull tried to avenge me ! Lucas was overthrown with his horse, and the bull fell upon both of them. I looked at Carmen ; she was no longer in her place. It was quite impossible for me to get out, and I was compelled to wait until the courses were run. Then I went to the house which you know of, and there I remained quite quiet all the evening and a part of the night. Towards two o'clock in the morning Carmen returned, and was somewhat astonished to see me.

"Come with me," I said.

“Very well,” she replied, “let us go.”

I went to fetch my horse, and I put her *en croupe*. We rode all the remainder of the night without saying a single word to each other. We halted at daybreak at a solitary inn, near a small hermitage. Then I said to Carmen—

“Listen! I forget everything; I will speak of nothing that has passed. Only swear to me that you will follow me to America, and that you will remain quietly there.”

“No,” she replied in a sulky tone, “I won’t go to America. I like being here best.”

“Because you are near Lucas,” I said, “But do not imagine, even if he recover, that he will ever make old bones. Yet after all, why should I trouble about him? I am tired of killing all your lovers; it is *you* whom I shall kill.”

She gazed at me steadily with her wild eyes, and said—

“I have always imagined that you would kill me. The first time I saw you I met a priest at the door of my house, and did you see nothing to-night as we quitted Cordova? A hare crossed the road between your horse’s feet. It is written!”

“Carmencita?” I asked, “is it true that you no longer love me?”

She made no reply; she was seated cross-legged on a mat, tracing patterns with her finger on the floor.

“Let us change our mode of life, Carmen,” I pleaded. “Let us go and live in some place where we shall never be separated. You know that we have a hundred and twenty onzas buried beneath a tree not far from here. Besides, we still have money in ben-Joseph’s hands.”

She smiled and replied—

“I first, you afterwards. I knew that it would come to this.”

“Reflect,” I continued. “I have lost all

patience with you ; I am at the end of my tether ! Make up your mind, and I will make up mine."

I left her and walked towards the hermitage. I found the hermit at prayer. I waited until his devotions were concluded. I wanted to pray too, but I could not. When he rose I went up to him.

"Father," I said, "will you pray for one who is in great danger?"

"I pray for all the afflicted, my son."

"Can you pray for a soul which is about to appear before its Creator?"

"Yes," he replied, looking at me fixedly, and as there was something strange in my manner he wanted to make me speak out.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before," he remarked.

I put a piastre on the bench. "When will you say mass?" I asked.

"In half an hour. The son of the inn-keeper, yonder, comes to serve it. Tell me,

young man, have not you something on your conscience which is tormenting you? Will you hearken to the counsel of a Christian?"

I felt ready to cry. I said I would return, and then I got away. I lay down on the grass till I heard the bell. Then I rose and went near, but remained outside the chapel. When mass was said I returned to the inn. I almost hoped that Carmen had run away; she might have taken my horse and escaped. But I found her. She would never have it said that she was afraid of me. During my absence she had unpicked the hem of her dress, and taken out the lead. She was then sitting at the table, gazing into a bowl of water at the lead which had sunk to the bottom, and which she continued to throw in. She was so immersed in her occupation that she did not at first perceive me. Then she took a piece of the lead and turned it in all directions, with a sad expression in her face; sometimes she hummed one of the

mystic songs in which gipsies invoke Marie Padilla, the mistress of Don Pedro, who was, they say, the Bari Crallisa, or great Queen of the Gipsies.*

“Carmen,” I said, “will you come with me?”

She rose, threw away her bowl, and put on her mantilla as if ready to go. They brought me my horse, she mounted behind me, and we departed.

“So, my Carmen,” I said, after a while, “you really wish to follow me, is it not so?”

“I will follow you to death, yes; but I will not live with you any longer!”

We were in a solitary gorge; I pulled up.

“Is it here?” she said, as she sprang to the ground. She took off her mantilla, threw it at her feet and stood motionless,

* Marie Padella is accused of bewitching Don Pedro the king. A popular tradition states that she had presented the queen Blanche of Bourbon with a golden zone, which appeared in the king's eyes like a living serpent. That was the cause of the disgust he always evinced for the unfortunate princess.

her hand upon her hip, looking straight at me.

"You are going to kill me, I see that quite well," she said. "It is fated ; but you will never make me yield."

"I implore you, be reasonable," I said. "Listen to me ; all the past is forgotten. Nevertheless, you know it, it is I who have lost myself ; it was for your sake that I became a brigand and a murderer ! Carmen, my Carmen, let me save you, and myself with you !"

"José," she replied, "you ask me to do what is impossible. I no longer love you ; you love me still, and for that reason you want to kill me. I could very easily lie to you, but do not care to take the trouble. All is over between us. As my *rom* you have the right to kill your *romi*, but Carmen will always be free. Calli she was born, and Calli she will die !"

"So you love Lucas ?" I said.

“Yes, I have loved him, like you, for a while ; perhaps less than you. At present, I love no one, and I hate myself for having loved you.”

I threw myself at her feet ; I took her hands in mine ; I bedewed them with my tears ; I recalled to her mind all the happy times we had had together. I offered to remain a brigand all my life to please her. I did everything, sir, everything. I offered her all, provided that she would still love me. But she said :

“It is impossible to love you any longer, and I do not want to live with you !”

Fury took possession of me—I drew my knife ; I wished she had displayed some fear and pleaded for mercy, but the woman was a demon.

“For the last time,” I exclaimed, “will you remain with me ?”

“No, no, no !” she replied, stamping her foot. Then she drew from her finger a ring

that I had given her, and threw it amongst the bushes.

I stabbed her twice. It was Garcia's knife, which I had appropriated after breaking my own. She fell at the second thrust without a cry. I can still fancy I see her splendid black eyes regarding me steadily; then they became troubled, and closed. I remained insensible beside the body for a good hour. Then I remembered that Carmen had often said that she would like to be buried in a wood. I excavated a grave with my knife, and placed her in it. For a long time I searched for the ring, and at length found it. I placed it in the grave with her and also a small cross. Perhaps I was wrong! Then I mounted my horse, galloped to Cordova, and at the first guard-house I made myself known. I said I had killed Carmen, but I did not wish to divulge where I had buried her. The hermit is a holy man. He has prayed for her. He

has said a mass for her soul. Poor girl ! It is the Calli who are to blame for having made her what she was.

APPENDIX.

SPAIN is a country in which one still finds—and even in greater numbers than formerly—those nomads who are dispersed throughout Europe, and are known under the names of Bohemians, Gipsies, Gitanos, Zingari, &c. The majority live in, or rather wander through the southern and eastern provinces, in Andalusia, Estramadura, in the kingdom of Mercia; there are numbers in Catalonia. The last-mentioned frequently pass into France. We meet them at all our Southern

fairs. Generally the men act as jockeys or as veterinary surgeons and mule-clippers ; to these occupations they unite the calling of tinkers, not to mention smuggling and other unlawful pursuits. The women tell fortunes, beg, and sell all kinds of drugs, innocuous and otherwise.

The physical characteristics of the Gipsies are more easy to distinguish than to describe, and when we have seen one, we can recognise one of the race amongst a thousand strangers. The features and their expression, above everything else distinguish them from peoples of other nations. Their complexion is very swarthy and always of a deeper colour than that of those amongst whom they dwell. From this characteristic they have gained the name of *Calli*, the *black people*, a title by which they are frequently designated.*

* It seems to me that the German Gipsies, although they perfectly well understand the word *Calli*, do not like to be so designated. They call each other *Romané tchavé*.

Their eyes are set obliquely, very deeply, are very black and shaded by long and close lashes. One can only compare their expression with that of wild animals. Fierceness and timidity are apparent therein at the same time ; and in this respect their eyes coincide very well with the character of the nation ; subtle, bold, but as much afraid of blows as Panurge. The men are for the most part strong-limbed, lithe, agile ; I do not think I have ever seen one inclining to stoutness. In Germany the Gipsy women are often very handsome ; beauty is exceptional amongst the Gitanas of Spain. When very young they may pass for engaging girls but once they have become mothers they become absolutely repulsive. The dirty habits of both sexes are incredible, and to any one who has not seen the locks of a Gipsy matron, it would be difficult to give an idea of it, even when representing the coarsest, the most greasy, the most dusty hair

in creation. In some of the large towns of Andalusia some of the young girls, more respectable than the others, take some care of their persons. These are they who perform, for money, dances that resemble very closely those interdicted amongst us at carnival balls. Mr. Borrow, an English missionary, author of two very interesting works upon the Gipsies of Spain, whom he had attempted to convert at the expense of the Bible Society, assures us that it is unprecedented for a Gitana to yield to any weakness for a man not of her race. It seems to me that their chastity has been much exaggerated. In the first place, the majority are in the case of the ugly woman in Ovid, *Casta quam nemo rogavit*. As for the pretty ones they are, like all Spanish women, difficult to please in the choice of a lover. He must please them, he must deserve them. Mr. Borrow quotes as a proof of their virtue a trait which does honour to his own, and

particularly to his simplicity of mind. A dissolute man of his acquaintance, he says, vainly offered many onzas to a pretty Gitana. An Andalusian to whom I related this anecdote declared that the man would have had much better success if he had shown the girl a few piastres, and to offer gold onzas to a Gipsy girl was as bad a means to persuade her as to promise a million or two to a waitress at an inn. However that may be, it is certain that the Gitanas display extraordinary devotion towards their husbands. There is no limit to the danger and misery they will brave to assist them in their needs. One of the Bohemian titles, *romi*, or spouse, seems to me to bear witness to the respect of the race for the matrimonial state. As a rule, we may say that their principal virtue is patriotism—if one can so designate the fidelity which they display in their relations with individuals of the same race as themselves ; their anxiety to assist them ;

the inviolable secrecy which they maintain respecting compromising incidents. As for that matter, in all secret associations and lawless combinations we may observe a similar fidelity.

Several months ago I paid a visit to a tribe of Gipsies established in the Vosges. In the hut of an old woman, the "ancient" of the tribe, there was a stranger—a Bohemian—who had been attacked with mortal sickness. This man had left a hospital where he was being well cared for, to die amongst his compatriots. For thirteen weeks he had been living in the old woman's tent; much better treated than were the children and relatives in the same shelter. He had a good bed of straw and moss, with fairly white sheets, while the family, to the number of eleven persons, lay on planks three feet long. So much for their hospitality. The same woman, so humane towards her guest, said to me in the presence of the invalid, "*Singo*,

Singo, hornte hi mulo.” “In a short time he must die !” After all, the existence of these people is so miserable that to them the approach of death has nothing alarming in it.

A remarkable characteristic of the Gipsies is their indifference to religious observances—not that they are free-thinkers or sceptics ; they have never made any profession of atheism. On the contrary, the religion of the country they inhabit is adopted, but they change it with the locality. To the superstitions which amongst uneducated people replace the religious sentiment they are equally strangers. The means, in fact, by which superstitions exist amongst people who live most often upon the incredulity of others, are absent ; nevertheless I have remarked that the Spanish Gipsies have a curious fear of contact with a dead body. There are few of them who, for money, can be persuaded to carry a corpse to the cemetery.

I have said that a great number of the female Gipsies lay themselves out to tell fortunes. They acquit themselves very well. But the sale of charms and love philtres is a great source of profit to them. Not only do they recommend frogs' "paddles" to recover wandering hearts, or powdered loadstone to cause those insensible to fascination to love, but they practice, at need, incantations which oblige the devil to come to their assistance. Last year a Spanish lady told me the following tale. She was passing through Alcala Street one day, feeling very sad and greatly pre-occupied : a Gipsy woman, who was squatting on the pavement, said, as she was passing—

"My pretty lady, your lover is false to you." This was the fact.

"Do you wish me to make him return to you?" You can understand with what delight the offer was accepted and what would be the confidence inspired by a person who

could thus divine at a glance the innermost secrets of the heart. As it was impossible to proceed with the rites in one of the most frequented streets of Madrid, a meeting was appointed for the following day.

“There is nothing easier than to bring the faithless one to your feet again,” said the Gitana. “Do you happen to have a handkerchief, a scarf, or a mantilla that he has given you?”

A silken *fichu* was produced.

“Now sew with crimson silk a piastre in one corner of the *fichu*. In another corner sew a demi-piastre: here a small coin, and there a piece of two reals. Then you must sew in the centre a piece of gold. A doubloon would be best!”

The doubloon and the other coins were all sewn up as requested.

“Now give me the kerchief. I will carry it to the Campo Santo at midnight. Come with me if you would like to see a fine bit of

devilry. I promise you that to-morrow you shall again behold him you love."

The Gipsy woman went off to the Campo Santo by herself, for the lady was too greatly afraid of the devils to accompany her. . . . I leave you to guess whether the unfortunate lover ever saw her *fichu* or her faithless swain again !

Notwithstanding their wretchedness and the aversion they inspire, the Gipsies enjoy a certain consideration amongst uneducated people, and they are very proud of this. They fancy themselves a race superior in intelligence, and heartily despise the people who have afforded them hospitality.

"The Gentiles are so foolish," said a Gipsy woman of the Vosges to me one day, "that there is no credit in taking them in. The other day a peasant woman called to me in the street. I entered her house, her stove was smoking, and she asked me for a charm to cure it. I first made her give me a good

sized piece of lard, then I began to mutter some words in Romany. 'You are a fool,' I said; 'you were born a fool, and a fool you will die.' When I got near the door, I said to her in good German, 'An infallible method of preventing your stove from smoking is never to put fire into it,' and I made my escape."

The history of the Gipsies is still a problem. We know, as a matter of fact, that the first detachments in very small numbers appeared in the east of Europe, towards the commencement of the fifteenth century; but one cannot say either whence they came nor why they have come into Europe. What is more extraordinary still, we are completely ignorant how they have increased and multiplied in so short a time, in such a wonderful manner, in countries at such distances apart. The Gipsies themselves have preserved no tradition concerning their origin, and if the majority of them speak of Egypt as the

country of their origin, it is because they have adopted an old and largely circulated fable.

The greater number of Oriental scholars who have studied the language of the Gipsies assert that they came originally from India. In fact, it would appear that a great number of the grammatical roots and forms of the Romany are to be traced in idioms derived from the Sanscrit.

It is believed that in their long journeyings the Gipsies have adopted many foreign words. In all the dialects of the Romany we find many Greek terms. For instance, *cocal*, bone, from *κοκκαλον*. *Petalli*, horse-shoe from *πέταλον*: *cafi*, nail, from *καρι*, &c. At the present time the Gipsies have almost as many dialects as there are tribes. They always speak the language of the country in which they live more easily than their own tongue, which they scarcely use except when they wish to converse freely before strangers. If

we compare the dialects of the German and Spanish Gipsies, who have been without communication for centuries, we may recognise a number of words common to both ; but the original language everywhere, although in different degrees, is considerably altered by fusion with more cultivated tongues which the nomads have been compelled to make use of. German on the one side and Spanish on the other have so modified the original Romany that it would be impossible for a Gipsy of the Black Forest to converse with one of his Andalusian brethren, although it would be possible for them to exchange words sufficient to understand that both were speaking a language derived from the same source. Some words in very frequent use are common, I believe, in all dialects ; thus in all the vocabularies that I have been able to consult, *pani* means water, *manro* bread, *más* meat, *lon* salt.

The expressions for numbers are almost

always the same. The German dialect seems to be very much purer than the Spanish, for it has preserved a number of primitive grammatical forms, while the Gitanos have adopted those of the Castilian. Nevertheless, some words are exceptions as bearing witness to the ancient community of language. The preterites of the German dialect are formed by adding *ium* to the imperative, which is always the root of the verb. The verbs in Spanish Romany are all conjugated in the same way as the Castilian verbs of the first conjugation. From the infinitive *jamar*, to eat, we can clearly derive *jamé*, I have eaten. From *lillar*, to take, we get *lillé*, I have taken. Nevertheless, some old Gipsies use exceptionally *jayon*, *lillon*. I do not know of other verbs which have retained this ancient form.

While I am thus displaying my limited knowledge of the Romany language I ought to mention some French slang words which

our criminal classes have borrowed from the Gipsies. The *Mysteries of Paris* have taught us that *chourin* means knife. This is pure Romany; *tchouri* is one of those words common to all its dialects. M. Vidocq calls a horse *grès*; this is again another bohemianism, *gras*, *gre*, *graste*, *gres*. To these add the word *romanichel*, which in Parisian slang means Gipsies. It is the corruption of *rommane tchave*, Bohemian boys. But an etymology of which I am proud is that of *frimousse*, appearance, face, a word which all scholars employ or have employed in my time. Notice first that Oudin, in his curious dictionary, wrote in 1640 *firlimousse*. Now *firla*, *fila*, in Romany means face, *mui* has the same signification; it is exactly the *os* of the Latins. The combination *firlamui* was immediately understood by a pure Gipsy, and I believe it conforms to the spirit of his language.

This is quite enough to give the readers of

Carmen a general idea of my studies of the Romany. I will now conclude with a proverb which comes *à propos*: *En retudi panda nasti abela macha*. "No fly can enter a closed mouth."*

* Or, in Spanish, "*En boca cerrada no entra mosca.*"
—H. F.

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